

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



*DESIGNED FOR THE AD-
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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

PUBLISHED *BY* SEMI-MONTHLY
THE
DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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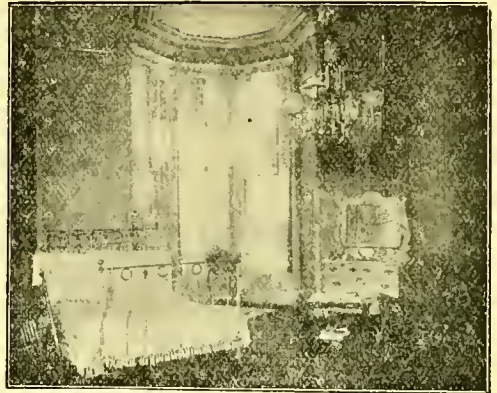
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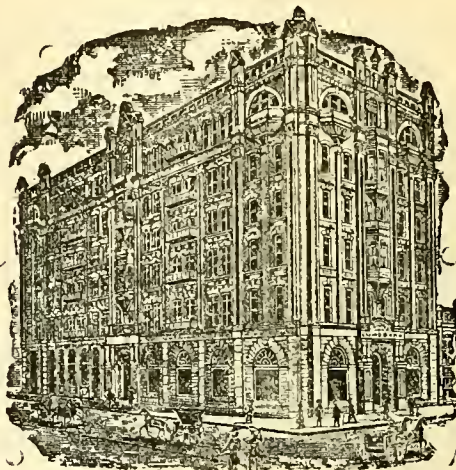
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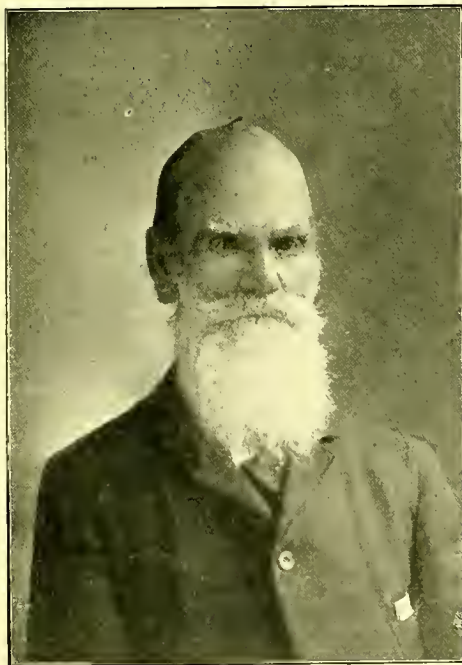
SOME OF OUR COMPOSERS.

JOSEPH G. FONES.

INDIVIDUALITY has from the beginning been a marked characteristic of the converts made by the Gospel of Jesus Christ; the Prophet Joseph Smith was himself a remarkable example in this line, and all his prominent successors and associates were similarly endowed; they were men of mark, pre-ordained no doubt, or history belies itself, for the wonderful work to which they were assigned; the observer however realizes that among the masses the spirit of independence, of originality, of special gift was also pre-eminent, as if all the needed elements for organization, society building and uncommon progress were long ago intelligently predetermined.

gy whose ideal was the building up of a Zion on the earth, in which order, unity, peace, refinement and consecration were to be its

outer and inner manifestations; tens of thousands have felt, when even without ability of expression, the pregnant words of that mighty leader Brigham Young, that he would work no more for the building of human institutions and interests, but that his life should be devoted to the establishment of a grander work and a greater kingdom, "aye the Kingdom of God," and his expression that "nothing was too good for the Latter-day Saints and Zion," found grand response in the souls of those (men and women) who gave their best thought, their highest resolve,



JOSEPH G. FONES.

Indomitable will power, and a self-sacrificing spirit, sanctified that inspirational ener-

their most diligent effort, their talent, ability and service in a way unequalled in

the annals of history and unexcelled on earth.

This was the secret which nerved men in their emigration from lands afar, which gave them faith in enduring persecution, which enabled them to subdue the desert, which sustained them in the missionary field and which in times of intense trial could indite, compose, sing the songs of Zion in "the dark and cloudy day," and all the far-reaching projects which today are pressing towards consummation were born and fostered in penury and when only divine hope could have sustained a people condemned, nay utterly "scattered and peeled."

Among the hosts thus prepared and inspired was the subject of our illustration, Elder Joseph G. Fones, who was born apparently to a life of obscurity and toil, June 18, 1828, in the village of Gornell, South Staffordshire, England, in the heart of what is known as "the Black country." At two years of age he became a motherless child, but his father speedily remarried and with the arrival of a second family came the not unusual neglect; so at a very early age he went to work in the mine as his father had done until his death. Now living with a relative he mastered the alphabet in the Sunday School and thus learned to read the Bible with which he became fascinated and subject to religious impressions, speculations and waking dreams, among which was an unquenchable desire for learning, which circumstances seemed to place further and further beyond his reach. But he began to ask questions from his associate laborers, and from one of these he got his first lesson in arithmetic which was solved upon a piece of common house slate which he had smoothed for himself, rubbing with a stone and water; so persistently step by step he advanced himself and is a student yet.

The advantages secured at the Sunday School and the influences thereof were the preservatives of his moral life, and he made an early profession of religion, uniting himself with the New Connection Methodists,

then with "the old body," and afterwards with the Primitives. He was a useful member of these organizations, and having mastered the flute he was soon enlisted in choir work, then as a player of the bass and double bass viols and, possessed also of a good vocal bass, his opportunities became much enlarged. This study of music at the age of seventeen was an earnest one and at the later age of forty-five he first began to compose, until his hymn and anthem music was often rendered in musical circles in London and elsewhere by the choirs of England:

Brother Fones received the Gospel in West Bromwich, Staffordshire, being baptized April 5, 1851. He was now married, and moved with his little family to Willingham, where, in 1854, he met with that serious accident in the Iron Stone mines of that place, which eventually gave him that wonderful testimony which yet remains with him and will forever continue; for the caving of earth and rock crushed him so that "he was no thicker than two men's hands laid flat upon each other." In that condition he was conveyed home, where medical consultation determined that death was inevitable within an hour. He requested the family to send for the Elders, who administered to him in the name of the Lord, so that in fourteen days from that time he stood up in the meetinghouse and bore his testimony to the blessing and power of God. In 1867 he removed to Barrow in Furness, in Lancashire.

The writer well remembers an incidental visit to Barrow in 1877, for a district meeting which had been announced, but which was not expected to be very much, although a large hall had been rented for three meetings on the Sabbath. Entering the room our surprise was great to see so large a congregation and hear so grand a choir, there being but few Saints in the district; when the mystery was solved the choir and instrumentalists were Professor Fones' band and friends with the exception of two or three Saints. The finest music and singing were heard there under this

unostentatious leader that we listened to during a two years' mission. No wonder we concluded then and there that this same talent would or could be of value in Zion, where in 1879, we again greeted gladly «a man of work.»

Union Ward had temporarily furnished the means for Brother Fones' emigration, and there he began his first choir work in Utah, but moved to Levan in the following year, where a choir was organized and controlled for four years. Here he built his own first home and engaged for three quarters, in teaching the primary school; from thence he moved to Mona and there organized a choir which, considering its numbers, was then unexcelled in the State. Here too he filled the offices of ward clerk, tithing shipping clerk, Sunday School and ward choir leader, was president of the Elders' quorum and ward Teacher, but was then induced to return to Union where he again took charge of the choir, and for seven years faithfully performed that duty, finally moving to Sandy where he now resides. Each of these places presented him on leaving with testimonials of regard and appreciation.

Brother Fones is the author of many hymn tunes and anthems, some of them have from time to time appeared in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, where they have been much appreciated both by lovers and students of the divine art and by the less educated of the people. The latter are familiar with such tunes as «Beautiful Zion,» the «Song of the Workers» and many others; none of this

gifted singer's compositions are frivolous or trashy, they are not operatic or ephemeral: they follow the old masters of ecclesiastical solidity and melody, and some day no doubt those as yet unpublished and half unknown will see the light of day, and be multiplied and sung in the congregations of the Saints when their composer shall have passed away.

It is good to remember and to encourage these modest, unpretentious workers in the glorious cause of truth and right, and no more enduring monument can be erected to the speakers, writers, poets and singers of Israel than to have their names and melodies used for cradle songs, for the social circle, or for the sacred places of divine worship where the power of inspiration is most potent, and where perchance we have in psalm and song, in music and in burning words, the echoes of the things once said or done in «a land that is fairer than this»—the one to which we are all drifting with the unseen and almost unnoted flight of time.

Brother Fones was called upon June 25, 1901 to mourn the loss of his wife, the mother of his children and the inseparable companion of his maturer years. Age is also creeping over him and he is feeling keenly now the effects of his accident of so many years ago, but his heart is young, his power of concentration strong, and though indications are that he will ere long join «the choir invisible» he will leave the record of inspirational susceptibility exhibited during a busy and devoted life.

H. W. N.



REMINISCENCES OF A TRAVELING ELDER.

IN 1853 I was laboring in the London Conference as a traveling Elder under the presidency of Elder James Marsden. In early spring I went to Sister Sutherland's, 71

Connaught Terrace, Edgware Road, near the Marble Arch. I was surprised to see Elder William Taylor there.

After congratulations, he said to me, «Wil-

liam, I want to find a ship going to Germany; will you go with me?"

I said "Yes."

It was a rainy morning, and as we entered Oxford Street I hailed an omnibus and we rode to the foot of Holborn Hill. We then went to a shipping office and learned that there was a steamship going to sail in the morning. It was in the river—the Thames. We engaged a boat, and a boy rowed us to the ship. We went on board, and Brother Taylor looked the ship over and concluded to go to Hamburg on her. I bid him goodby and told him I would pay for the boat; he objected to this, but I persisted and he gave way. When I got on shore and paid the boy the shilling, he begged me for some coppers, as he said all he got was what passengers gave him. I gave him some money and this nearly broke me.

Walking up King William Street to Jewin Street, a thought came in my mind, How foolish I was to go with Brother Taylor and nearly deplete my treasury! Another thought came instantly into my mind, The Lord can make it up. I arrived at our book depot. Brother Wm. Grimsdale was there. He said to me, "Are you engaged tonight?" I said, "No." Said he, "Come to our place and preach." I went to the Finsbury meeting-house with Brother Grimsdale and addressed the meeting. A Brother Buckle after meeting shook hands with me and left a shilling in my hand.

Brother John B. Maiben (now of Sanpete County) said, "Brother Woodward, come home with me." I did so, and when I left him next

morning, he shook hands with me, and I found a half crown in my possession. Brother Maiben on several occasions after that, made me under obligations in sharing his generosity.

August, 1853, I had been speaking to an audience in Holloway. After meeting, Mr. Grove Taylor, (afterwards known as Elder George Edward Grove Taylor*) came and shook hands with me. Said he, "Mr. Woodward, I believe you are a servant of God, come home with me." I did so. We became acquainted. Mr. Taylor was a tailor by trade. Just before Christmas that year, I was at his house, he said to me, "Try on this vest." I did so. It was just the fit and he made it a present to me.


I was laboring in Kent Conference in 1854, and made a trip to London on a barge with a Brother Spillet. I went to see Mr. Taylor. Said he, "Mr. Woodward, your clothes look shabby. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make the clothes and furnish the trimmings if your people will furnish the cloth. Two pounds will buy the cloth. Send me a post office order and I'll send you word when the clothes are made." I got the money, the clothes were made, and were a good fit. This was quite a gift for a poor man. He made me another suit of clothes on the same terms in 1856, previous to my return home to the valley. God bless his memory.

W. Woodward.

* Elder George Edward Grove Taylor was the father of Elder Joseph E. Taylor of the Presidency of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion.



THE BERLIN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

 On the opposite page we present our readers with a picture of the Sunday School of the Saints in Berlin, the chief city of Germany. Among the faces of

the teachers will be found a number that are very familiar to many of the readers of the JUVENILE.

The Berlin Sunday School has existed for



SOME TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS OF THE BERLIN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

some eight or nine years, but for a period of nearly two years no sessions were held. It was reorganized in 1899 by Elder D. H. Christensen, and soon after its organization Elder J. Collie Robinson was appointed superintendent of the school. He was followed by Elders R. Perry Herrick, Richard T. Haag, Joshua Percy Goddard, Wilford C. Nuttall and Walter S. Weiler, the last named being the present superintendent.

The school has a complete organization of officers and the classes are graded. The average attendance is nearly 80. About

55 of the regular attendants are children, of which 35 or so are the sons and daughters of non-Mormons. About 25 are adults, who make up the theological class. This school, as all others in Germany, is conducted, as much as possible, upon the same plan as the Sunday Schools in Zion. The officers keep in close touch with the instructions of the general superintendency at home.

It is interesting to note the growth of our Sunday Schools in far distant lands, and the increased strength they are bringing to the foreign missions of the Church.



THE CHILD IN RELIGION.

Remarks Made by Assistant General Superintendent Joseph M. Tanner at the Sunday School Conference, Salt Lake Tabernacle, Sunday Evening, October 6th, 1901.

I NATURALLY ask myself, what must have been the impression of these our young friends from Samoa, as they gazed upon this immense audience, whether or not their expectations of Zion have been fulfilled, and whether in their hearts they felt to thank God for the opportunity that they have in meeting with the Saints on an occasion of this character. I am to speak to you this evening upon the subject of "The Child in Religion." This subject, as it appeals to my mind, goes to the question of the relative importance of the religious education of our children when compared with the religious education that people receive after they have reached their majority. It is of course impossible to make any accurate comparison of the relative effect of religious education upon children and upon people who have reached maturer years; yet I think I am perfectly safe in saying that the most profound religious impressions, the most lasting and

the most convincing to our minds come to us in the days of our youth. I think that a glance at the history of religious education throughout the world will demonstrate to everyone the great value of religious training to children, and the great difficulty that lies in the way of giving religious education to those who have not received it in their youth. Perhaps one of the most notable and without doubt the most convincing examples of this is found in the education of ancient Israel. Sunday Schools and Sunday School work are not institutions of modern times. It is true the Bible does not give us any account of schools of this character. There are, however, references made in the Bible to teaching, and to the work in the synagogue which, when explained by the historians of those periods, enable us to understand that the education of the children of ancient Israel was a question of the utmost concern to them, and it was followed

out in the minutest detail, and with the strongest desire that the children should be brought up in the ways of the Lord. That impression has been made upon the people by the Prophets of old.

If we were to study the Sabbath School organizations of ancient Israel, we would perhaps find it set out at greater length and in greater clearness in the writings of such men as Josephus and Philo, historians of that period. There were also the writings of the rabbis or teachers and learned men, and those contained in that very large collection of books known as the Talmud. The Talmud of ancient Israel was the interpretation of the law, made by the teachers of those times. These writings were explanations, they were amplifications of the teachings of those times, and while perhaps a great many traditions have entered into them they give us some idea of the method and manner of teaching children in those early days. Josephus tells us that the children were taught in the ways of the Lord from the time of Abraham; indeed, one of the commendations passed upon that great patriarch by our Heavenly Father concerning him was, when He declared that He knew Abraham and knew that he, Abraham, would teach his children after him; and Josephus tells us that the law was so thoroughly taught to the children that it would be as easy for them to forget their names as it would be to forget the Law and the Prophets. These constituted in those days their Bible, and from the testimony of their historians it would appear that it was learned very largely by heart. Indeed, it is said that there were many of the rabbis, in those days, who were able to commit to memory, and did commit to memory, every word of the voluminous Talmudical writings, vastly more extensive than the Bible itself. We can thus understand how it is that the «Law and the Prophets» has come down to us with the great degree of accuracy which we find it in today. The very fact that children were required to memorize it, commencing in their earliest years, and that

from generation to generation it was handed down in the memories of men, and their memories were compared one with another, and with the manuscripts, enable us to understand how they were able to reproduce their scriptures and could have done so at any time.

We are told that from the period of six years of age the children received methodical instructions, and these religious principles were so impressed upon their minds that every Israelite was at heart a believer in God, every Israelite at heart honored the Prophets and revered their names. We find that as one of the results of this thorough training that was given to the children, that ancient Israel has remained distinct from the other nations of the world. While the Jews do not at the present time insist upon as thorough an instruction to their children as was given them in ancient days, they are still painstaking in this matter. Their children are educated in the Law. They are taught the principles contained in the Bible, and are given its history with great care and with great pains. The result is that they adhere to the teachings of their fathers, and although they may become wicked, although the Jews may be transgressors, yet they honor their prophets in a measure. I have seen Jews who professed to be infidels, who were leading more or less abandoned lives, yet I have seen them hushed, I have seen a spirit of reverence come over them at the mention of the names of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, their great progenitors. They have found it impossible to get rid of the influences of these men. There is something about their lives and about their names that has a profound influence upon the Jewish people at large. And why have these teachings been so lasting among that people? Because they were so thorough, because they were so constant. This custom still continued in the days of our Savior, and that instruction was continued after the time of the Apostles, and we know from the history of

the fathers of the Christian Church that a vast amount of time was taken up in the education of the children. We find, as a result, that the young people, the children in the early Christian ages, were thorough in their knowledge of Scripture. We have a very striking illustration of this in what is known as the Children's Crusade. Those of you who are familiar with history will recall the fact that in the mediaeval times great crusades were organized against the Turks in order that the holy sepulchre and the city of Jerusalem might be rescued from the hands of the infidel, and that these great military organizations wherein hundreds of thousands of men were sent out from western and central Europe in order to drive out the Arabs, the Mohammedans, and recover Jerusalem and the places made holy to the Christians by reason of their association with the Savior, were generally unsuccessful. When three of these crusades had ended in failure, a general religious spirit and enthusiasm were awakened among the children. Boys from the age of eight to twelve years went about through Europe preaching a crusade, and an army was organized of something like 50,000 children, who started out to rescue the Holy Land. Nearly 30,000 of these children, it is said, perished by the way, and many thousands of them fell into the hands of the Mohammedans, and were distributed throughout western Asia, and many of them became, in the course of time, Mohammedans. Yet many held to their religion with great tenacity. They refused to yield, and we are told that when numbers of these young Christians were approached in the city of Bagdad, in the valley of the Mesopotamia, and were asked to accept the Mohammedan religion, that they positively refused. Every promise, every inducement, was held out to them, and yet they would not yield. Finally they were threatened, they were put to torture, and still they refused to yield; indeed, they seemed to have been as valiant in maintaining their convictions as were the

Hebrew children in the days of Nebuchadnezzar. Why then was it possible for these children to awaken such religious enthusiasm? It was because of the thorough and constant religious training which they received; and this education of the children went on throughout Europe, and it was this education that made possible the great Reformation that took place in the days of Martin Luther. We could not imagine such a reformation as that at the present time. That tenacity, that conviction, that enthusiasm for the things of God cannot be found in Europe today, because there has been a great relaxation in the matter of religious education. It may be that more time is needed for education in other directions, in science, in arts, in literature and in history. Yet there has been a very great reaction; the abandonment of religious instruction has been going on ever since the days of the Reformation, and today it is not so thoroughly maintained as it was in those times. It is true that there is general religious instruction in France, there is religious instruction in Germany, and in England, but they have abandoned much of their former ground. However, in the United States there has been but very little of it, and a serious condition exists throughout our country from the fact that our whole public school system has abandoned the idea of religious training, and we are now left to the Sunday School, or to private schools, and must help ourselves by this means the best that we can.

We find from some illustrations in Scripture how thorough the teaching of the children was in those ancient times. We have a beautiful illustration of our Master when He was a boy twelve years old, how He met the doctors and the learned men in the temple, where they propounded questions to Him, and He propounded questions to them. He surprised them by His knowledge. Josephus tells us that when he was a mere boy, in his teens, that he was invited into the councils of the learned men and discussed matters of

law and religion, and we know from the accounts which he has given us that children were very thoroughly prepared in those days, and our Savior no doubt received His religious instructions in His home at Nazareth, and in the schools there, and it must indeed have been a very thorough training. We are anxious now to impress upon the minds of the Saints the great importance of religious education to our children. I should hesitate to make any comparison because it would be impossible to be accurate, but it does seem to me that religious instruction has ten times, perhaps more, value to us in our youth than it has at any other period, and it is a great mistake to suppose that children are not prepared to understand religious principles. Indeed, some of the greatest principles of religion, some of the most momentous questions affecting our life in time and eternity, have come to us through youths. We have the instance of Samuel in the temple, and then we have our own boy Prophet. The thing perhaps that is chiefly needed in giving religious instructions to our children is that we speak to them in language with which they are familiar. They have that purity of life, that openness, that confidence, that faith,

that belief in God, that enable them to receive in the most perfect manner those truly beautiful teachings of our Heavenly Father. They are in a condition to receive them, and it is important that we take great pains with our children to see that the education of their childhood is as complete as it is possible to make it.

I do not desire to take up more of your time. I only plead for the importance of religious instruction to children, for I am sure that if the education of our children is made what we desire to make it, that in years to come we shall not have one of our young people transgressing where in the past we have had ten; and the inclination, the determination, the desire, seems to be quite universal throughout the Church to ground our children in the principles of our faith and make it so sound, so abiding within them, that they can never get away from the influence of these instructions. And God grant that the religious teaching of the youth of Zion may become so strong, so prominent and so lasting that there will be a universal growth of religious ideas and life among all the youth of Zion, is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.



A COMFORTING MANIFESTATION.

IN February, 1889, I left home for a mission to the Southern States. On arriving at Chattanooga (after learning the value of good counsel, from the many ways in which advantage is sought to be taken of travelers,) I was assigned to the Georgia Conference. Reaching Barnett, where my labors were to begin, a few days were spent in recruiting, during which time I became very anxious to get out among the people

and inform them of the restoration of the Gospel and bear testimony of its truthfulness. After continued suggesting «Let's get out and do something,» the president, seeing my uneasiness, consented. From his previous experience he knew what we might expect. Our message did not take as well as I had anticipated, for we were continually refused a hearing and entertainment.

Unable to obtain lodgings we retired to

the woods for the night. I was foot sore and weary, with a heavy heart and a complaining spirit. Sleep fled my eyelids, but the Lord presented before me, as a teacher makes a black-board presentation to his pupils, the eleventh chapter of Matthew and three last verses, which read:

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

This manifestation brought with it its power and influence, and was as a guiding star during my entire stay in the South, and has not yet faded from my memory.

On account of the spirit of rejection exhibited towards us throughout Georgia, in the middle of the following October the conference was broken up. I was sent to North Carolina, where I saw a great change in public tolerance towards the Mormons, notwithstanding which, there was a marked feeling among many of the Elders that the Southern States mission would soon be closed.

Geo. H. Jex.



AS THE TWIG IS BENT.

By Sarah E. Pearson.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 618.)

[From Lieutenant Gallant to his sister, Mrs. Lofty, of Nantucket.]

APACHE POST, ARIZONA.

July 7th, '92.

My Dear Sister Lottie:—

I promised to keep you posted as to my health, feelings, condition and prospects out here in the «wild and woolley west,» so here goes, but you mustn't expect any great variety of news in our humdrum camp life. You know I hate cards and my tastes as well as my position taboo the usual methods resorted to by the common soldier for amusement; in fact some of the boys hate me heartily for what they term my «damned exclusiveness,» etc. Strict, military rules however keep them subordinate and outwardly respectful, nor do I think they can well deny me the respect due me in their hearts, even though I cannot be «hail fellow, well met» with some of their low tastes and practices. With my military duties, my books, my canters across

country, and my delving into the ancient mounds and ruins about here (I don't know that it can hardly be called by so dignified a name as archaeological researches yet) I manage to keep myself busy and content.

When in Brookfield on business the other day I picked up the little weekly paper published there and saw the announcement of a lecture on «The Ancient Inhabitants of America,» to be delivered at the meeting of the Young People's Mutual Improvement Association that evening. «If these people know anything that will throw any light on this subject,» thought I, «I will go and hear it. At any rate I can study their hypothesis and themselves at the same time,» my interest being about equally divided between the ancients and moderns of this section.

The lecturer proved to be a lady, a daughter of Mr. Anchor, a ranchman living not many miles from the fort. As I had seen her once or twice before, I had already

formed my opinion of her and my expectations of something rather above the average were not disappointed. Her voice was clear and resonant, her bearing ladylike and sufficiently spirited, yet tolerably confident—as though sure of the sympathies and attention of her audience. Her subject showed careful thought and was handled in a masterly manner for one so young, and her point of view was reasonable and plausible. They believe the ancient inhabitants of this land to have been of Israel, led out from Jerusalem by Divine commandment and guidance hundreds of years before Christ, and these mounds to have been the houses of some of their degenerate descendants. I was too much interested to think of taking notes of it all but will send you a scrap jotted down at shorthand just for you to see if it doesn't compare very favorably with anything of eastern style and cult, you get at your ladies' clubs.

«* * * There are various forces at work in nature to accomplish the designs of an overruling Providence, and in nothing is this so patent as the peopling, from colonies to hemispheres, of various parts of the globe.

«The speculations of ages as to where the Garden of Eden was located is set at rest by the voice of revelation, and the spot designated to be what is now known as Jackson County, (Adam-on-di-Ahman,) Missouri.

«After the generations of the earth had grown so wicked that God (repented Him that he had made them,) he destroyed them with a flood, and caused that the ark, with its little colony of faithful ones, should rest on Mount Ararat, and that the re-peopling of the earth should begin from Asia, the opposite side of the world from the home given our first parents. Then (In the days of Peleg the earth was divided,) and from henceforth those peoples that were led out from the eastern hemisphere to the west were specially brought and ordained of God to happiness and freedom in this (choice land above

all other lands,) so long as they would serve Him and keep His commandments. One after another they were corrupted—one after another they were swept away, the roving bands of savage Lamanites (Indians) being all that was left of a once beautiful, cultured, and highly civilized people. Then the (day of the Gentiles) was ushered in and those little bands of Pilgrims that sought (an asylum for the oppressed,) a place where they could worship God (according to the dictates of conscience) were wafted by wind and wave, as Lehi of old, to the shores of the beautiful promised land.

«Only a few years after the landing of these fugitives on Plymouth Rock and they in turn became the oppressors, burning at the stake heretics, or supposed witches, this again proving that liberty without inspiration quickly degenerates into license and is an enemy to justice or progress. As the people increased in numbers and experience a constitution was framed by their leading spirits, God-inspired, the broadest, wisest, and most liberal the world has ever seen, and that the way might be paved for the introduction of the Gospel of Christ, the divine plan of salvation for the children of men. This light and knowledge coupled with the boon of freedom would (were the masses not too corrupt to accept them) prove invincible and the millennium soon be ushered in.

«But, wedded to their gods of stone, their gods of riches, of power, of influence, of desire, as much as ever the heathen of old were wedded to their idols; weakened and corrupted in mind and body by vices, the (light shineth into the darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not.) Again the call to the pure in body and honest in heart, (Come out of her, oh, my people.) Again all those staunch hearts that cannot be frightened nor seduced are scattered and peeled until they are sufficiently proven, when God prepares for them an asylum, and gives to them the first principles of self government and self support as He gave to our father

Adam. They come to Utah, those chosen ones, (willingly, because they are obliged to,) led by their Moses as truly as was ancient Israel; inspired by revelation and commandment as surely as was the prophet Lehi, and driven by circumstances under Providence to settle where God wants them as visibly as were the Pilgrim Fathers. Trials of privation and poverty and severe labor many still have, but they are at peace with themselves and all the world and see their future with the eye of faith, for it is in God's hands. And when He designs us to branch out and build up the waste places to His name and we refuse to be coaxed to leave our comfortable quarters, He treats us like the eagle who pushes her full fledged young out of the nest to shift for himself, by sending us such visitations as (the raid.) And thus history repeats itself.»

The camp took its annual walking tour in June. There were about three hundred of us. We were gone over two weeks and had a capital time. On our return trip when within a day or two's march of camp (the troops having gone on five miles to Pine Creek, Sergeant Halstead, an aid-de-camp and I applied at a ranch house for accommodations for the night. The place is called Juniper ranch, and belongs, as it turned out, to Mr. Anchor. They were pleasant and hospitable but somewhat formal at first. I touched a sympathetic chord, however, in my inquiries about the ancient mounds scattered around within half a mile of his place and we were soon conversing easily. The most interesting relic I have seen is a large copper vessel of curious workmanship in his possession. At his request the young ladies brought out quite a collection of rings and bracelets of beads and shells which were curious and beautiful. We spent the pleasantest evening there I have passed since I left your own fireside. A cottage organ (brought to the ranch from their house in town) furnished an accompaniment to some excellent singing, and the young ladies with their brother and

a big Swede, named Andelin, made a quartet not to be despised. Though away out on the frontier, leading what in other people would be a nomadic sort of existence, these pioneers, ranchers, and cowboys show refinement and culture, and are 'way ahead of any people of the same calling I have seen anywhere in the United States. It astonishes me more the more I see of it, and I am anxious to find out the cause of it all.

The girls have had some pretty fair musical training from some quarter, and Andelin is a musical enthusiast. Two or three dry goods boxes lined with newspapers and nailed against the wall serve as temporary book-cases, and are well filled with standard literature, their own religious works and local authors predominating. You know the maxim you are fond of quoting, «Judge a man by the books he reads.» It wouldn't indicate a low standard of culture or morals here. I noticed *The Century*, *Harpers*, and *The Chatauqua* among the local, (i. e. Salt Lake) magazines on the table. I picked up a local monthly magazine called *The Contributor*, organ of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, (a society something similar to our Y. M. C. A.) I found it well written and of a high moral tone, though much of the religious instruction is jargon to the uninitiated. Sergeant Halstead was in his element when the music began and with little persuasion sang some of our old time favorites and a few comic songs, much to the evident delight of Anchor's three little boys who were seated out on the steps of the porch, and who evinced their satisfaction with noisy clappings. Young Jasper Anchor recited «The Polish Boy,» and «The Painter of Saville,» very well indeed, as though his blue denim jumper and overalls troubled him infinitely less than an evening «swallow tail» would have done. I don't believe he thought of his clothes at all. Better take a few pointers my fine lady sister. At the earnest solicitation of our host, seconded by the ladies, the Swede brought out his violin.

Though I make no claims at being a musical critic, I know there was enough of true genius in his rendering of the «Shepherd Boy's Song» to bring to my mind an echo of an evening we spent at the conservatory of music together a short time before I came away, when one of «the cult» of Boston played it. And what did I do as my share of this pleasant, impromptu entertainment? Nothing, as usual, only to listen, and a good listener is an inspiration sometimes, you know. Maybe I'll «astonish the natives» one of these days if I'm not too bashful, but I should probably astonish myself more and you most. The Indians are quiet and friendly, apparently, and as lazy as sin!

Some little missionary work is being done among them by the Mormons, their young people being taught Spanish in the schools for this very purpose (and probably because as I am told, there are no swear-words in that language, for I think missionary work among such a debased lot would tempt a man to swear occasionally if he knew how.)

It is a noticeable fact that those over whom the Mormons have the most influence are the most trustworthy and the best behaved, but personally there is little that appeals to my sympathy in these «wards of the government.» More anon.

REX.

[Letter from Julia Anchor, to her teacher, Miss R. N.]

JUNIPER RANCH, ARIZONA.

August 1st, 1892.

My Dear Teacher and Friend:—

I am rejoiced to hear how enjoyable your vacation is proving and how your health is recruiting in the bracing air of the Yellowstone. The Park must indeed be delightful at this season of the year. Your letter brought a whiff of the cool breezy heights with it, and your description of the wonderful terraces was so vivid it made me almost wild to see them—at least plain enough to long for a nearer view. I should like that sort of a geography lesson.

I too am enjoying my vacation immensely though my surroundings and pursuits are so vastly different from yours. The companionship of the «loved ones at home» is being enjoyed to the utmost by the erstwhile homesick schoolgirl, and the glistening light in my mother's eyes when we met, more beautiful to me than the shimmer of Tahoe or the far-famed Niagara. I am content to let the «lesser pleasures» as you express it, come when they may and enjoy my loved ones while I can. And my matronly teacher warns me not to fall in love with the gallant lieutenant (or Lieutenant Gallant, rather) of whom I told her in my last letter! And as my adviser is my discrete teacher and loving friend I give it all due weight, though were you on the ground you would surely see it is superfluous.

Though courteous always, he pays me no more attention than he does my mother, or I imagine than he would any casual lady acquaintance. He is all for science, spending whole days with my father excavating the ancient ruins near here, and his evenings, when he happens to be here at the ranch, talking with father or listening to our music or «chin chin» which I am afraid sometimes bores him horribly, though he is so quiet and reserved it is hard to find out what he thinks.

Nobody, however, if he be a lover of music, can fail to enjoy the violin solos the «Viking» sometimes favors us with—otherwise Brother Oscar Andelin, a raw Swede in father's employ. It may be somewhat crude but there is real genius in it.

I hope when Oscar has earned sufficient to emigrate his mother and little sisters to this country, as he is now working to do, he will try and do something for himself in the way of a musical education. But the poor fellow has a big heart that «delights in sacrifices» and it will always be himself last.

As to the officer, he is young and handsome, and a thorough gentleman and man of the world with the polish of the world less

its vices—apparently—but he is a soldier and we are Mormons, that ought to be enough, don't you think?

«Ah,» but I can hear you say, «you may convert him.» I confess that after father's visit to Brookfield, where he overheard a group of soldiers at cards in the hotel office sneering at Lieutenant Gallant, calling him «tenderfoot,» «prude,» «mama's darling,» «too virtuous by half,» etc., our confidence in and respect for him increased in corresponding ratio, so that father has treated him with much less reserve since then. We have invited him to our Mutual meetings, and father has «talked religion» to him a little himself where the lieutenant has seemed to desire it. But rare indeed is it, my friend, that a soldier ever becomes a Latter-day Saint, doubtless because virtuous soldiers are correspondingly rare, and loose morals are the antipodes of Mormonism.

The ranchers of this section all went over to town to spend Pioneer Day, and we had a jolly time. It was voted too warm to engage in dancing at night, and we were too tired to make the exertion anyway, a parade, a picnic, visiting and games being ample «relaxation» for one hot summer day. I often laugh to myself to see how much trouble we go to for a little fun.

The colts we were driving took fright at a bunch of live firecrackers just as we drove into town and it looked for awhile as though we would all be dashed to pieces. Jasper and father had gone ahead of us on horseback as they had places in the parade, and Oscar, who was driver, was having a pretty serious time of it, when Lieutenant G., who happened along just in the nick of time, came to our assistance and pluckily hung to the bridles till he stopped the runaways.

I guess the lieutenant thought our music beat the band, that is, when he found leisure to listen to it; for mother and the children were crying, and I believe Oscar was swearing in Dutch, but I don't know. As for me, when I found out what I was doing, I had

baby Edna clasped tightly in my arms, little Ralph between my knees, and one hand holding tight to Roscoe's collar to keep him from jumping out. We took the lieutenant home with us to Aunt Bertha's to repair damages made to his natty uniform in our service, and also invited him to be our guest during the day, and do you think we could have done less under the circumstances, though we got some dubious glances from half a dozen sour faced matrons who evidently didn't approve our choice of associates. But we had a good time nevertheless, and I feel confident the lieutenant enjoyed it too, for he actually laughed twice and I never scarcely saw him so much as smile before. Jasper whispered to me that he felt inclined to do all sorts of extravagant things, at us having been able to thaw the lieutenant's icy wall of reserve.

Picnic tables were set in the grove, and after lunch it was my turn to go home for repairs, for that poor awkward Oscar overturned a dish of raspberries all down the side of my new white dress. Luckily Janet had a pink lawn I could wear, so we lost little time in getting back to watch the games for prizes that were going on. And we didn't get back any too soon to keep peace in the family, for Jasper was teasing the sensitive Swede about letting the colts get the better of him, until he had made him furious, and then, when the lieutenant treated us all to ice cream, Jasper appropriated two dishes and turning to Oscar with a most innocent expression of countenance remarked, «It's good, Oscar. Buy you some.»

Oscar turned on his heel and strode off without giving any one a chance to mediate this time, and we saw no more of him the whole day.

Mother was too tired to return to the ranch that evening so father decided to have Jasper hitch up the single buggy and take Janet and me out and Andelin could bring the rest in the morning.

It was sundown when we started and though the air was still close and sultry it

would be comparatively cool and pleasant driving.

«Well, if we have another runaway do you think the inevitable lieutenant will spring up out of the grease-brush along here somewhere to rescue us?» said Janet, after we had rode along for some time in silence.

«Oh, you couldn't get this old cob to run away, nohow,» answered Jasper, «and Gallant is no doubt half way to the post by this time, anyway.»

But our adventure wasn't to be a runaway this time, but a genuine old Arizona thunderstorm. We were about half way home when the wind freshened and a few big rain drops splashed in our faces, followed within five minutes by a regular deluge. I tried to protect my pretty new Provo hat under my white silk parasol, but soon learned it wasn't built for such emergencies. Then I tried holding a fold of my lawn frock over it, but wind and rain soon proved the futility of that. Every hollow and gully soon became a rushing, muddy torrent, and at the last one the buggy tongue broke and we had to walk a mile and a half through water and mud before we got home. Janet and I were tramping along, both shivering together under Jasper's coat and letting our hopeless skirts flap and draggle about our heels, Jasper leading the buggy horse in our rear, when the spatter, splash, of another pair of hoofs became audible. Janet squeezed my

arm and we both felt an impulse to run and hide behind a boulder, but continued to patter on with a devil-may-care-air instead. «I have a presentiment, Julia,» whispered Janet. «Hush!» I retorted. Someone spoke to Jasper. «Methinks I see a voice,» quoted Janet, who had lately been reading Artemus Ward. «Janet, I believe you're glad!» «I am, for your sake.»

A moment after a polite, «Please accept my cloak,» and our Knight of Emergencies stood before us, cap in hand, looking mildly sympathetic. «Thank you, I will—for Janet.»

But we won't allow anyone to feel very sorry for us. A pioneer ought to look upon an occasional little wetting of this sort in the light of a joke.

It soon grew too dark to even see any skyline above the hills, so Jasper went just ahead as pilot and the lieutenant led both horses. Don't you wish you had been there to turn the bull's eye on us (it was too dark for your kodak.) Well, we got there at last, and I have got to the end of my letter—no doubt you are equally grateful. Just imagine us dried and warmed thoroughly before a big pine-knot fire, and creeping off thankfully to bed. And the lieutenant? Oh, he's on his road to the post, but it has quit storming and he has his big cloak now.

Lovingly,

JULIA.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



A PRAYER.

Father in heaven, Father of love,
Look down from Thy home in the mansions above;
Be Thou a friend to Thy children below,
Wilt Thou, our Father, Thy blessing bestow?

From the lone orphan's sad, pitiful face,
Gently the tear drops of sorrow erase;
Comfort the heart that is laden with care,
Banish the specter of want and despair.

Unto the patient who wearily toil
Truth's seeds to scatter, though stony the soil,
Grant in due season a harvest may be,
A harvest of wheat from the thistles made free.

Unto the erring sweet mercy extend,
To the sick and afflicted relief wilt Thou send.
Help us through life, by Thy wisdom and grace,
To finish our mission and in peace see Thy face.

Jane F. West.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, NOVEMBER 1, 1901.

OFFICERS OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION:
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J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent

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PRESIDENT SNOW.

WHEN President Snow died, October 10th, he was 87 years, 6 months and 7 days old. It is quite unusual in this age of the world for men to reach such advanced years, and especially to possess with all those years such mental and bodily activity as those with which our late President was endowed. Those who knew him three years ago—he has been President of the Church but three years and twenty-seven days—felt certain from his general appearance and a life-long immunity from diseases, that he would certainly walk among men for a period of at least ten years to come. There was in his action a vigor, and in his mentality an aptness which foreboded years of usefulness among the people over whom he was called to preside. But his burden was heavy. The responsibilities of his office were so numerous and taxing that everyone, who has an idea of the extent of the task before him, feels that he has, in some measure, sacrificed years of his life, actuated and encouraged by what he felt was his duty.

As he stood upon the pinnacle of years

and looked back over his past history, he experienced a view not beheld by any other man in the Church. He had seen «Mormonism» in its infancy, he had noticed its steady and advancing march in strength and glory from decade to decade. He had followed the Saints in their wanderings and had been a participator in the thrilling events which characterized the growth of «Mormonism.» He always stood high in the councils of his people, and viewed the life of the Saints from every conceivable point of their existence. As a missionary he occupied a distinct rank among his fellows, and his name became associated with many of the most



LORENZO SNOW, WHEN 38 YEARS OLD.

important undertakings of the Church. His was truly a great privilege. His opportunities were rare, but he met faithfully and trustfully every obstacle that beset him. In the midst of these grand opportunities he had also his sorrows and his trials, and shared in full the persecutions of the Saints.

An experience in life's schooling such as that which President Snow enjoyed, is in itself a grand education, but the same opportunities in the life of many another man would have counted for little or nothing. Lorenzo Snow was naturally a man among

men, a man of high order, a man of strong convictions, a man of fine intellectuality, and keen perceptions. Those who observed him walk, and have noticed the manner in which he placed his heel upon the earth, knew, if they knew aught of human nature, that he walked with the same firmness that he talked and conducted himself among his fellow-men. There have been in our Church few men possessed of a more delicate and sensitive nature than that with which President Snow was endowed. There was in his

ognized instinctively the rights and privileges of his fellow-men. His faith has never been questioned. He was devout in the spirit of his worship, but was never naturally disposed to hasty condemnation of those who did not see and believe as he saw and thought.

By nature he was extremely optimistic. He always looked upon the bright side of life, and carried about with him everywhere feelings of good cheer, even in trying situations. It seemed to be easy and natural for him to make others at home in his presence, and there was a simplicity in his life and manners that gave the utmost freedom to his associates. Wherever he recognized that there might properly be a difference of opinion, and that questions under consideration ought to be decided by the highest wisdom that comes from the judgments and deliberations of men, he was a most attentive listener.

President Snow, like many another man, had a crowning thought in life. He seemed to love most to converse upon the personality and attributes of God. The idea of a personal God rose in his mind above all else, and that idea, he declared, was one of his earliest inspirations, truly a revelation to his young nature, and became one of the grandest beauties to him that was to be found in the whole scope of his faith.

President Snow, after the death of President George Q. Cannon, became the General Superintendent of the Sunday Schools of the Church, and at the same time editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. His associate editors in this their tribute to the memory of their leader, they having enjoyed the friendliest intercourse with their editor-in-chief, take pleasure in submitting this testimonial of their gratitude to him, and to God, for the pleasant associations that existed between them. He has gone to the world that he loved to think and talk about. It is not possible that a man who thought so much of heaven and of future association with his



FOX & SYMONS PHOTO.

THE LATEST PICTURE OF PRESIDENT SNOW.

spirit an artistic, exquisite refinement rarely found. He was a lover of the fine arts, and his literary ability and tastes gave rise to much of that genuine spiritual and intellectual culture of which he was possessed.

In his associations among his fellow-men, he naturally sought the companionship of those who were refined and gentle. He was not a man of harsh methods. In his firmness there was a spirit of toleration, and he rec-

God could ever have been actuated in life by motives of a downward tendency, for he loved God—his attachments were strong—strong in friendship as they were in religion. It is with the utmost pleasure that we recall associations of the past, and we hesitate to lay aside the pen in this reminiscent moment of a hundred contemplations which we would gladly commit to paper and communicate to the youth of Israel. It is God's work, and Lorenzo Snow was God's man. He filled his high and noble mission in life, and is now gathered to the fathers. Peace to his memory. May the fond anticipations of eternity which he cherished in life be realized in the world beyond.

PRESIDENT SNOW'S FUNERAL.

THERE is a very pretty little story in ancient history of the visit of the wise man Solon to a wealthy king who wanted to know of the wise man who of all men he adjudged most fortunate. The wise man related stories of men who had been of eminent service to their country, or men whose sons had brought honor and distinction to their fathers. Finally the rich king grew impatient, for he imagined that because of his wealth the wise man would praise him and think him most fortunate, and he asked whether or not Solon did not think the king the happiest of men; whereupon Solon replied, «Let no man adjudge himself fortunate until the circumstances of his death are known.»

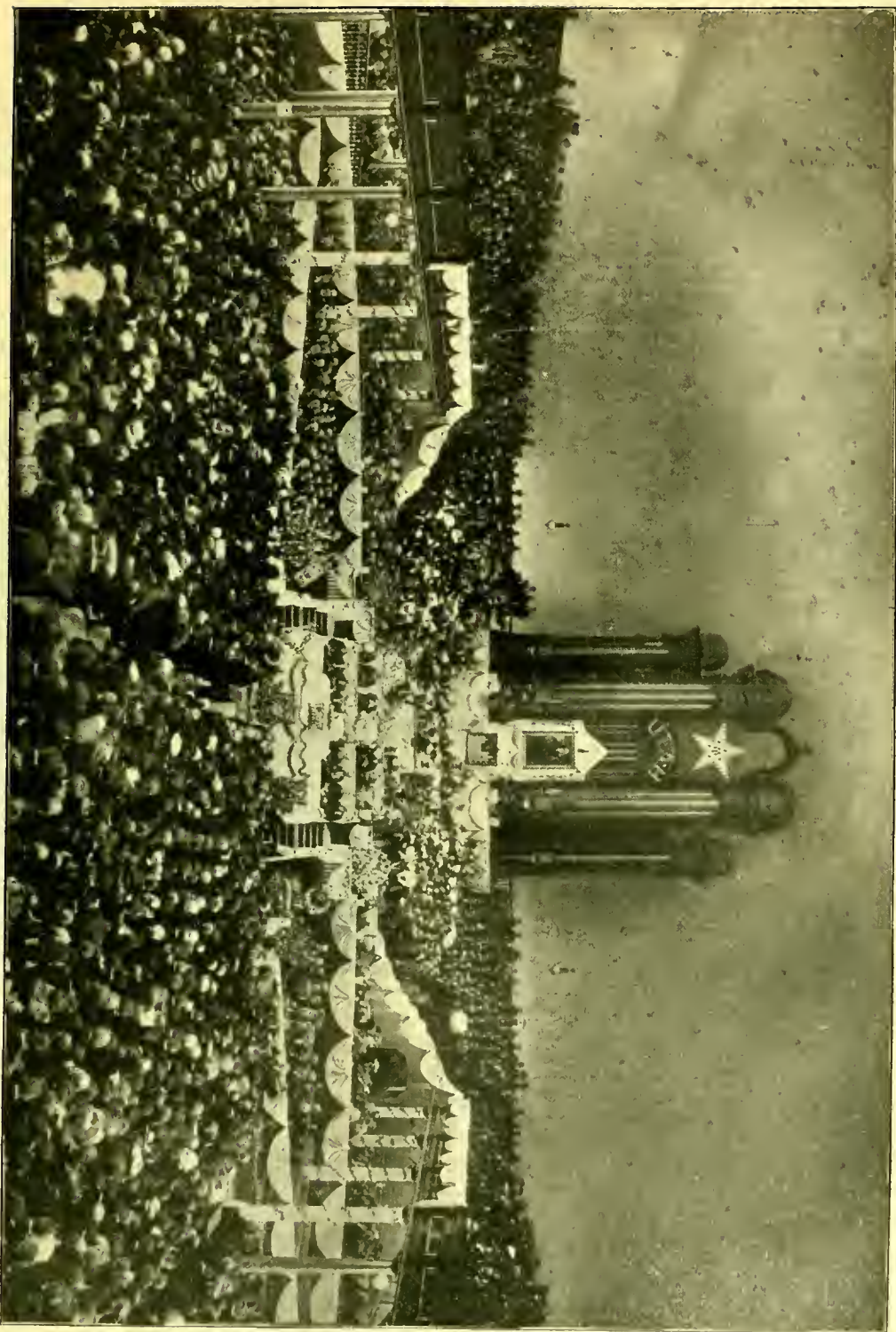
Those who looked upon the vast audience assembled to pay their last respects to our departed President must have been deeply impressed by the circumstances of his death as portrayed in his funeral. He had been true and faithful to his covenants to the end; he had been valiant in the cause which he had espoused, and had died in the midst of his friends, honored and respected by all. The wise man's saying is fully sustained by the words of holy writ wherein it is declared that the race is not to the swift alone, nor

the victory to the brave, but to him that endureth to the end. One could not well imagine happier surroundings and more gratifying circumstances in which to take one's departure from life than those which attended that of President Snow. All was peace and unity. A long life free from the ravages of disease, useful and valiant, crowned his parting days.

THE leading authorities of the Church assembled in the morning of Sunday, October 13th, at the Bee Hive House, the home of the President. At 10 o'clock the remains, with the Apostles, the First Council of the Seventies and the sons of the deceased, as pall bearers, were taken in a procession, led by Held's band, to the Tabernacle. The building was crowded, and hundreds could not find entrance because of the great throng. The casket was placed upon a large stand appropriately decorated with flowers; indeed, the floral tributes were most beautiful. Probably no grander were ever seen in the building.

The services were conducted under the direction of President Joseph F. Smith. The meeting was opened with singing by the Tabernacle choir, and prayer was offered by Apostle M. W. Merrill. The speakers on the occasion were Apostles Brigham Young, John Henry Smith and John W. Taylor and Presidents Rudger Clawson and Joseph F. Smith.

During the time of his presidency of the Salt Lake Temple, President Snow took pleasure in the organization of a Temple choir, of whose music he was very fond. There were certain hymns that seemed to delight him and to which his own nature gave heartiest response. Some of these favorites were sung. Indeed, the music on the occasion was throughout of the most pleasing character. At the close of the exercises the pall bearers conveyed the remains from the Tabernacle to the Oregon Short Line depot. Here, by the courtesy of the railroad, six cars were in waiting to carry the funeral cortege to



PRESIDENT SNOW'S FUNERAL.

Brigham City, where, in the family lot in the cemetery of that beautiful little city, the body of the late President was interred.

On the way the train was held a few minutes at Ogden when a beautiful floral offering was added by the Sunday Schools of Weber Stake, and a hymn was sung by representatives of the schools, gathered for that purpose. When the train reached Brigham City it was met by a vast concourse of carriages prepared to convey the visitors to the cemetery. The day was beautiful, all arrangements were so completely made and admirably carried out that nothing occurred to offend the sensibilities of anyone present. The train left Salt Lake at 1:30 p. m. and reached Brigham City at 3:00. It left Brigham City on the return trip at 5:15 p.m. and reached Salt Lake at 6:35.



A DETAILED biographical sketch of our late President can be found in the first number of last year's volume (35) of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. We therefore refrain from repeating what is so well given there.



THE NEW FIRST PRESIDENCY.

NOT very long before his departure from this sphere of action, President Wilford Woodruff told the brethren, his immediate associates, that it was not the will of the Lord that in future there should be a lengthy period elapse between the death of the President of the Church and the reorganization of the First Presidency. In accordance with this instruction but a short time intervened between the death of President Woodruff and the creation of a new First Presidency, with President Lorenzo Snow of the Twelve Apostles as President of the Church in all the world. The same course has been pursued now that President Snow has passed to his reward. On Thursday, October 10th, our late revered President left us to join the great throng of the redeemed; and at the

next regular meeting of the Apostles, just one week later, on Thursday, October 17th, President Joseph F. Smith was unanimously sustained as President of the Church and Trustee-in-Trust; and he without delay selected Bishop John R. Winder as his first, and Apostle Anthon H. Lund as his second counselor, these brethren being unanimously accepted by the Apostles present.

This prompt action on the part of the leaders of the Church has given much satis-



PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

faction to the Saints; and the new Presidency is welcomed with a warmth of feeling that bodes well for the unanimous and hearty support it will receive from the great body of the Church.

At this same meeting Elder Brigham Young, being the senior member by ordination of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, was sustained with the same unanimity as the President of that quorum.

President Smith will succeed President

Snow in the charge of the Salt Lake Temple, retaining President Winder as his associate in the sacred and important duties of that responsible position.

..*

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE NOTES.

THE annual Sunday School conference of the Summit Stake of Zion will be held at Coalville on Saturday and Sunday, November 16th and 17th.

Owing to the call made by the First Presidency for a special general conference of the Church to be held in Salt Lake City on Sunday, November 10th, the annual Sunday School conference of the Davis Stake of Zion has been postponed for two weeks, and will be held on Saturday and Sunday, November 23rd and 24th.

A district Sunday School conference was

held at Deseret, Millard County, on Sunday, October 20th. The district specially interested embraced Hinckley, Oasis, Abraham and Deseret, but nearly all the Sunday Schools in the stake had representatives present. Stake Superintendent Memmott and both of his assistants were at all the meetings, as was also President Ira N. Hinckley. The General Board was represented by Assistant General Superintendent George Reynolds. Three meetings were held—at ten a. m., and two and seven-thirty o'clock p. m. The attendance was large, the exercises were of the character usual at such gatherings—reports, class exercises, concert recitations, etc. Some of the class exercises were worthy of special praise, being pointed, brief, vigorous and covering the whole field of the lesson, but not in such detail as to make them wearisome.



TO THE UTTERMOST CAMP.

IT was eight o'clock in the evening when we set out from Flores on the journey into the unexplored jungles that extend eastward from Lake Peten into the heart of Yucatan. The first seven leagues had to be made by water and the trip under the heat of the tropical sun is almost unendurable, so a night voyage was decided upon. According to program the start should have been made at five o'clock, but the previous day had been sacred to some saint and neither my ladino guide, Emiliano, nor my negro mozo, Delphine, had recovered sufficiently from the effects of the celebration to be ready for duty at that hour. After a long delay and the use of strong language, coupled with threats that I would have been powerless to execute, the luggage was put aboard the little canoe; Delphine got in the bow with his paddle; Emiliano sat in the stem to steer;

I crouched somewhere amidships and we pushed off.

As we floated out under the starlight, the twinkling lights of the town were reflected in the dark waters of the lake, and the distant music of marimba, mandolin and guitar seemed echoes from fairy-land. To add to the spell the soft breeze was laden with the perfume of frangipani, now in full bloom. Alas, for the illusion: I should have enjoyed myself more had I been alone, for Delphine was in a state of maudlin hilarity, and Emiliano, having emptied his bottle, was fast approaching a condition from which it would be impossible to arouse him. In an hour he was unconscious. Delphine paddled on for a couple of hours and then declared that it was too much work for one man to propel the boat. He simply ran the nose of the scow into the rushes by the bank, curled up in the

bow and followed the example of his partner. With alligators on all sides I did not care to wade to terra firma. The mosquitoes came down upon us in clouds. I wrapped a blanket about my head, and tried to sleep until the first flush of dawn.

Delphine was up in the morning as soon as I, but it took several kicks to arouse Emiliano to a sense of his duty. At length he «came to» and we were once more under way. About seven o'clock the sour smell that denotes fermenting cane struck our nostrils, and we saw a trail leading from the water's edge into the brush. Naturally enough we tied up and proceeded to hunt for breakfast. The trail led to a little sugar ranch where we received a hearty welcome and made out a meal on tortillas and boiling hot syrup. This finished, we struck out again and all the morning skirted the beautiful shore, beautiful only because distance lent enchantment to the view. We well knew that in the mighty forests lurked wild beasts and poisonous reptiles, and yet more deadly fevers. Silvery fish played in the waters about us and giant flamingoes and ibises spread their white and scarlet plumage for our admiration. As the day wore on the heat became intense. The reflection from the water was blistering. My head began to ache, and Emiliano was almost useless as a result of his spree. It was one o'clock when the canoe grated upon the white pebbles at El Remate. Here was a collection of a half a dozen Indian huts. All were deserted save one, which was occupied temporarily by a migrating Maya family. We chose the cleanest and least flea-infested habitation for our camp-house. The boat was drawn ashore, the oars were cached; Delphine cooked dinner, while Emiliano, who was very sick and very repentant, borrowed a fish-hook from the Indian and tried his luck in the water. He was fairly successful and secured four little fish that would dress half a pound each. As for myself I spent the afternoon in the hammock, listening to the discordant music of the monkeys.

With the next dawn we were all astir, and long before sunrise were treading the trail in Indian file. The Maya guided us for about a mile, until we were clear of the cross roads that had been used by the mahogany cutters. We passed enough hewn logs in the first hour to make any sensible person independently rich. Unfortunately there is no way of getting this lumber to the sea board. It is floated across the lake to Flores, sawed in an old fashioned saw-pit, with a capacity of two or three boards per day, and used for every purpose for which we use the cheapest white pine at home. The statement that only two or three boards a day are sawed may seem strange, but this seasoned mahogany is almost as hard as stone. We have no native wood that can compare with it.

Emiliano, as guide, walked in front. In his right hand he carried the machete with which he cut a trail; in his left a gun. His hammock and clothing were suspended in Indian style from his forehead. He had traversed this forest as a «rubber-bleeder» twelve years before, and his memory of distance and direction seemed marvelous. The food, cooking utensils, etc., were carried by the negro, while I brought up the rear with a very light pack of my own belongings, consisting principally of note books, that I was afraid to entrust to anyone else.

The forest was black in its denseness. Overhead the arched foliage completely excluded the sunlight. We were in the realm of eternal twilight. About us grew mahogany, rubber, chicle, logwood, precious cedar and other rare and valuable woods. The rubber and chicle trunks were scarred to a height of thirty or forty feet. They are the great cash producers for Indians and poor ladinoes. Crude rubber brings forty cents (silver) per pound on the borders of British Honduras, and chicle gum, which is the basis of all chewing gum, is worth from twelve to twenty cents per pound, according to quality. The Spanish name for chicle is sapote chico.

The tree bears a luscious fruit, but the fruit season was passed by a month and we found only a very few trees that were still laden with over ripe chicos. But where such trees were found we also found a host of monkeys, pisotis (raccoons), parrots and large game birds, enjoying a feast. Of course in the shade of such a jungle, where the ground is never dry, where all day long the dewdrops hang from the twigs, and drop from the leaves overhead, keeping us constantly saturated to the skin, the insect pests are almost intolerable. One perspires freely but there is no relief from evaporation. For seven weeks I was a stranger to dry clothing. The underbrush was almost impenetrable. At five paces distant we could not see one another. Every bush and vine seemed to have its full quota of thorns, and my garments were soon fantastically ribboned.

The surface of the country was gently rolling; the soil fertile beyond compare. Nature has done so much that man needs only to clear and plant to reap a golden reward. But even Americans soon become lazy in such a climate. If there were means of transportation the native woods to be found on every section would much more than pay the cost of the land and of all necessary improvements, including comfortable dwellings.

About ten o'clock we reached a chicle tree where a little fruit still hung from the topmost boughs. Three large birds were feasting there, and Emiliano attempted to sneak upon them, but they were wary and after he had followed them some distance into the forest they came back and resumed their repast. He did succeed in shooting a pisano—a beautiful bird that dressed about twelve pounds and had a delicious flavor. There was enough of the Indian in Emiliano to keep him on the dog-trot all day long. Delphine and I could not go as rapidly. Every time we sat down to rest the conduct of the monkeys was quite amusing. The big baboons would get off some distance and would

swing in the tree tops, howling and making grimaces at us, but the little, long-tailed monkeys, about as large as domestic cats, would collect in the branches just over our heads and pelt us with sticks and rotten fruit until we were glad to move on.

Early in the afternoon our guide told us to follow the blaze that he would make. We were near camp, and he would trot on and get things ready. Nearby usually meant about two hours distant. After he had been gone half an hour we heard a gun shot and by and by we found him sitting on the carcass of a large deer that would have been called white in this country. The color was more of a blue-gray, and the animal was much larger than any deer that we had seen in the southern states or in Mexico. Though only one fourth of a mile from the little pool of Xtinto, it took most of the afternoon to find it, and when we reached the spot a distant roar in the forest warned us that the regular afternoon storm was fast approaching. It took but a few moments to cut palm leaves and build a champa (hut), where I rested while the men skinned and dressed the deer and prepared supper. They spent half the night in roasting and smoking the meat, all to no purpose, for we were already so overburdened that we could not carry an extra pound, and when we returned some weeks later a few mouldy bones were all that remained.

The second day's tramp was like the first, but much longer and more fatiguing. At sundown I called a halt for the night. We were all suffering from thirst as we had had no water since leaving Xtinto. Delphine and I built the champa, while Emiliano took his machete and a gourd and went into the brush to cut bujucu vines, from each of which he obtained a few drops of sap, so we enjoyed a little drink before going to sleep. Sometime in the night the rain came down in torrents and we revelled in the luxury of all the pure water that we could swallow.

At nine o'clock the next morning Emiliano

startled us with the information that, while we were near the ruins of Tikal, he had completely lost his bearings. The negro built a little champa to shelter us from the threatening shower, and the ladino went on alone. In three hours he returned with the glad tidings that the ruins of Tikal were only a league distant. In another hour we had reached the outskirts of the ancient city. I was much disappointed in seeing only a few immense mounds overgrown with the vegetation of centuries, but this was not the time to stop and explore. It was half a league further to water, and we must make our permanent camp before nightfall.

Such water! A stagnant pool, about two acres in extent, covered with a thick, green scum, through which the snouts of several alligators protruded. There were also many huge turtles basking in the sun and there were tapir tracks in the mud. Worst of all were the little, venomous, green snakes. Their name was legion. One great constrictor attempted to dispute our passage. Emiliano killed it. It measured thirteen feet

four inches in length, and was as thick as a man's leg. On the other hand a sportsman's heart would have rejoiced at the signs of game. Beautiful white and bronze turkeys were so common and fearless that we could knock them over with clubs until they came to recognize man as an enemy. As I look back and think of the fever-haunted pool, the miasma of the forest, the serpents and all the dangers, seen and unseen, it seems miraculous that we escaped with nothing worse than fever and dysentery.

Three champas were soon built—one for myself, one for the men and one for the culinary department. After dinner, in the cool of the day, the boys took the gun and went for a hunt while I wrote up my journal. About sundown I heard a couple of shots and soon the men came in, each lugging a peccary (wild hog). They had killed three. They spent the night in drying the meat and I lay down on the ground to rest, but not to sleep. I had reached the uttermost limit of my long, long journey. What the results would be, who could tell? *W. M. W.*



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE MORALS OF A GREAT CITY.

THE people of New York City are on the eve of a great election, and the forces are divided as Tammany and Anti-Tammany. For some years New York City has been under the rule of Tammany Hall, a political organization of an unsavory reputation; an organization which, it is said, lives largely upon blackmail, and which during the last year or two has been making money out of tolerated crime.

It is hard to believe all the stories told of the wickedness in that great city, and the encouragement which the officials lend to crime. New York, in a social way, is represented as a great whirlpool, into which year-

ly thousands and thousands of young men and young women drift, and become afflicted with the diseases of the great social evil. The better classes of New York have at last become aroused and have organized what is called an Anti-Tammany contest. Mr. Low is heading one faction, and Mr. Shepherd the other.

New York is the great social as well as political and commercial center of this country. If its contaminating influences are strong they will be felt more or less throughout the entire land. Of course they are strongest in its immediate vicinity. What is true of New York is in some degree true of all the great cities of our country. It seems as though popular centers foster, if not encourage, all sorts of vices and crimes. Salt Lake City is not so large as many other

cities in our country, but it possesses evils of the character above described. It sometimes happens that young men who come frequently from the country to Salt Lake, either for commercial or political reasons, become involved in the iniquities of the worst phases of our city life. When the Legislature is in session, when political campaigns are on, and when there are great gatherings, every inducement is held out for the purpose of entrapping our young. We are informed—but to what extent the information is true we cannot say—that young men from the country, innocent and unsophisticated, are sometimes induced to “do” the city. By this it is meant that they form a small party and go about visiting the dens and places where vice and crime prevail. Such a practice can in no sense be justified. Such information is of no value, it offers no culture, it makes no man better; and there is certainly nothing to justify any man in seeking a knowledge of such evils.

Farrar, in his “Life of Christ,” makes use of this very truthful expression: “The knowl-

edge of sin tempteth to its commission.” We feel that the educators and teachers of the people should be on the alert to warn our young men against the practice of satisfying a morbid curiosity by going into questionable resorts in the immoral districts of a city. The writer is personally acquainted with a number of young men whose reputation and characters have been very greatly questioned, who began a few years ago at what they considered the innocent pastime of visiting dens in Salt Lake, just to know what was going on there. Such practices are wrong, and young people should be warned in the most solemn manner against them. The moral character of Salt Lake City has much to do with the general morals of all the people of our state, and every effort should be made to repress crime and remove its temptations from our youth. The question therefore of city government is perhaps the foremost question of morals throughout this country, and its problems are such as to tax the wisdom and courage of the best and most vigilant of our citizens.



ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

QUESTION: Should a teacher or officer who is absent from Sunday School attending a semi-annual conference, or upon any duty imposed upon him by the stake or ward authorities be marked present as though he actually attended his class that day?

Answer: Any teacher or officer who is absent filling an appointment made for him by the Sunday School should be marked *present*—he is simply on detached duty; but when he is attending a stake conference, or is performing any labor assigned him by the stake or ward ecclesiastical authorities that prevents his attendance at the school, he should be marked *excused* on the Sunday School record of attendance.

Question: Is drinking cocoa a violation of the Word of Wisdom?

Answer: The drinking of any very hot drink, even hot soup, is an infringement of the Word of Wisdom, without that drink, as in the case of hot water, is taken in certain diseases and bodily ailments as a medicine. The too frequent indulgence in cocoa as a beverage is regarded by many physicians as injurious from a medical standpoint, as it is said to increase nervous disorders in those inclined to those troubles. But cocoa, so far as we are aware, does not contain those injurious stimulants to be found in tea and coffee. It is well to drink cocoa, if drank at all, in great moderation and certainly not scalding hot.



FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

"A MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD LIKE A
MEDICINE."

IT was the first cold, rainy night of autumn. After sleeping for some time, little Charley was awakened by the sprinkling of rain in his face.

At first, he was too sleepy to think what it was, or where it came from. But when he was wide awake he knew it was the rain coming through his open window.

Up he jumped, and out of bed. And what do you think he did? He closed the window, just as almost any of us would have done.

But it would have been better for him if he had pulled his bed away from the window, and put more covering on it if he felt cold.

In shutting out the rain he shut out the fresh air also; and when he got up in the morning he had a headache and a sore throat.

He thought the few drops of rain which had touched him had given him cold, and told his mother about it, saying he felt quite ill.

His lessons for the day were too important for him to think of missing school if he could get to feel at all able to go.

So he was very glad, after cutting some kindling wood and feeding his chickens and rabbits, that he found himself feeling much better.

Charley's mother prepared him a light breakfast, which he enjoyed eating, and he went to school thinking only of his lessons and forgetting that there ever was such a thing as sickness of any kind.

The morning was cold and damp, and the school teacher, being a young and nervous person, was fearful lest the children entrusted to his care should take cold. So he had a good fire made in the stove, and kept the windows and doors all closed.

In ten minutes after entering the school-room, Charley's head began to ache again; and in half an hour his throat was so sore and he felt so very ill that he told the teacher about it, and got excused to go home.

It was a great trial to Charley to miss his lessons in school, for he loved to study and was ambitious to learn all he could, that he might make a good and wise man.

As he walked home he felt very much discouraged, and kept thinking over how much he should lose by having to stay out of school. And when he reached home he was ready to cry, and felt so sick he thought he would have to go to bed and be nursed by his mother.

But when his mother met him at the door, she said quickly, «Charley, I am glad you have come. I was just wondering what in the world I could do, or ought to do; now you can help me. Is there no school today, or why are you home?»

«Oh, mother! I'm sick. Awful sick!» whined Charley, dropping into a chair.

«How are you sick now, my son?» asked his mother.

«Head ache and sore throat,» moaned the child.

«Well, Charley,» said his mother, «I can tell

you what you did last night, that you should not have done. You closed your window, top and bottom tight; and your door was also shut close. No wonder your head aches and your throat is sore today.

«Now I will tell you what you can do that will make you feel better.

«Cousin Alice has sent word to me that her baby is real sick; and she wanted me to come over and stay with her for awhile today, because her husband will not be home before night.

«Your father has engaged the men to come this afternoon and finish the work on the kitchen and back porch, and has left me to explain to them how we want it done.

«So you see, I cannot leave home to go and comfort and help poor cousin. But you can, Charley, and it will do you good.»

«But, mother,» began Charley, «I am sick myself, and how can I help Alice?»

«With a bright smile,» his mother said to him, «You will soon be all right, my son, if you will take a brisk walk over to Alice's, and cheer her and her baby with your merry laughter and little songs. You know how the baby loves to have you play with it and sing and whistle to it. Be careful not to put your face close to the baby's, because your throat has been a little sore. But make it laugh, that will do it good and you too. Tell Alice how it is that I cannot go over there today. And say that I think likely she shut her house up too close last night, and perhaps put too much covering on the baby's bed; if it is feverish she should bathe it in tepid water, with a little bicarbonate of soda in it; rub it over with oil, and give it a little to swallow. Now, you are to be the little physician that I send out to cure the baby.

Let us hear what a good report you will bring me this evening, of the great success which will attend your works of kindness.»

Charley's face had brightened up wonderfully while his mother had been talking, and when she had finished he said, «Well, the school-room was very hot and close this morning, and I believe that was what made me sick again. I will hurry right over to Alice's, and see if she isn't making that dear little baby sick by housing it up, instead of giving it fresh air to breathe. Of course that is what has been ailing me. I begin to feel much better again.»

Charley kissed his mother, and scampered away on his errand of kindness. And instead of feeling fretted now because of the loss to himself in missing his lessons, he thought of how much good he might do by visiting his cousin that afternoon, and he believed he should be able to study so much harder by getting his mind clear as to make up for what he was losing.

At his cousin's house, he found things very much as his mother had supposed. And the remedies she had suggested proved to be all that were necessary to make the dear baby feel well and happy again, as all babies should feel.

And as for himself, Charley thought he never felt better or more manly in his life than he did that evening as he sat with his father and mother on their new porch and talked over the failures and successes of the day. The successes were so much greater than the failures had even threatened in the morning that they might be, that Charley said he should always try to look for a bright side to every thing after that.

«Any one can do such a lot of good by

being hopeful and cheerful," he said. "Alice declared I had been more comfort to her and baby than a dozen doctors could have been. And besides, I got myself well."

"We are always blest in blessing others," said Charley's father. "Look in the Bible and find Proverbs, seventeenth chapter and twenty-second verse. That is worth remembering."

Charley found the verse his father mentioned, and read and remembered it. You children may all do the same.

L. L. G. R.



THE PROPHET LORENZO SNOW.

THOUSANDS of the children among the Latter-day Saints have had the privilege of seeing the face and hearing the voice of Lorenzo Snow, the prophet of God. And it will be well for them all to cherish tenderly and with gratitude the memory of that great and holy man.

Think how many more thousands of children have lived and do now live upon the earth who have never been favored with the blessing of being in the presence of a true prophet of the living God.

It will also be well for all young people to seek earnestly to learn as much as possible of the life history of President Lorenzo Snow, for it is full of fine incidents which show how true he always was to God and to his brethren, and how prompt to listen to the whisperings of the Holy Spirit, or to the suggestions of his superiors before he himself became President of the Church. And such examples are good for all to be guided by.

On Sunday, September 29th, just two weeks previous to the day on which his fu-

neral took place, President Snow met with and spoke to the temple workers in their fast meeting. On that occasion, as on all others of a similar nature, his words were full of inspiration and encouragement.

The next Sunday, October 6th, he spoke to a vast congregation in the Tabernacle. When the pamphlet containing the minutes of the late October conference is published, every Latter-day Saint should get a copy and read from it President Lorenzo Snow's last message to his people here. For the principles set forth in that discourse are so strong and far-reaching, and yet told in language so plain and easy to be understood that even the children may comprehend them and everyone must be benefited by hearing or reading them.

The hymn, "Shall We Meet Beyond the River," was such a favorite with President Snow, and by his request was sung at the Fast Meeting above referred to, that I have felt impressed to lovingly dedicate a few lines to his dear memory, written in the same measure as that beautiful song, so often sung for him by the Temple Choir. And I offer them here in affectionate regard for the children:

THOU ART SAFE BEYOND THE RIVER.

Thou hast passed beyond the river
Where the prophets, gone before,
Joseph, Brigham. John and Wilford,
Greet thee on the other shore.
Thou art safe, thou art safe,
Thou art safe beyond the river,
Thou art safe beyond the river,
Safe with Christ for evermore.

Thou hast passed beyond the river
To thy rest from mortal strife,
Where the gracious, wise All-giver
Crowns thee with eternal life.

Thou art safe, thou art safe,
 "Thou art safe beyond the river,
 Thou art safe beyond the river,
 With thy crown of glory rife.

Thou hast passed beyond the river,
 We could almost feel the wave,
 As it gently bore thee over,
 Through the portals of the grave.

Thou art safe, thou art safe,
 Thou art safe beyond the river,
 Thou art safe beyond the river,
 Oh, the shout thy brothers gave!

«He is worthy! He is worthy!»
 We could almost hear them say.
 «Let him enter! Let him enter!»
 And thy spirit passed away.

Thou art safe, thou art safe,
 Thou art safe beyond the river,
 Thou art safe beyond the river,
 In the light of endless day.

We shall see thee in thy glory
 When our missions here are done;
 Thou wilt warmly bid us welcome
 When this mortal course is run.
 We shall meet, we shall meet,
 We shall meet thee o'er the river,
 We shall meet thee o'er the river,
 With the Father and the Son.

Louisa L. Greene Richards.



WHY CLAUDE IS CRYING.

WE are all sorry to see this poor little boy looking so very unhappy. But after learning what the matter is, we shall be glad it is nothing worse than it is. You will think, before being told, that something is wrong with that which he holds in his hand. You will wonder if he has been trying to sail his boat, and if for some cause, it will not float as he wants it to.

That is partly the reason why he cries, but not all. His Uncle Frank came to stay with him and his baby sister while his mama went to do some errands. When she left them she said:

«Now Claude, you must be mother's little man; do as Uncle Frank tells you, and help tend baby, won't you?»

Claude was so pleased to think his uncle had come to stay with him for several hours that he promised his mother he would do just as she said.

Frank was a smart, handy boy with a pocket-knife. So to please Claude and keep him out of mischief, he made him the boat you see in the picture.

When it was done, Claude danced about gayly, clapped his hands and shouted.

«Now come on Uncle Frank, let's go down to the spring and sail my beauty of a boat.» But baby was sitting on the rug playing with her toys, and of course could not be left.

«You wait Claude,» said his uncle. «Your mama will soon be home now, and then perhaps we can go and try the boat.»

«No!» cried Claude, «I do not want to wait. I am going right now!»

«You must wait, Claude,» replied Frank. We must not leave baby alone, and you must not go alone.»

«Yes I shall too,» said Claude, «unless you will come with me right now.»

«Your mother told you to mind me, while she was away,» said Frank.

«You are not big enough for me to mind; you are only ten, and I am past five myself. I am not going to mind you!» said Claude. And out he ran without his hat, and down to the spring he went with his little boat.

The ground all around the spring was soft



CLAUDE.

and slippery, and Claude got his feet very wet while he vainly tried to push his boat far enough into the water so that it would sail. But try as he would, he could not reach to

shove the boat away from the bank. He did not give up trying until he nearly fell into the spring himself and broke his boat.

That frightened him, for he knew the water

was deep, and that if he should fall into it he would probably be drowned.

Now he has taken up his boat and stepped back away from the spring. He feels disappointed and angry, and stands there crying.

Perhaps he thinks, too, by this time, how he has disobeyed his mother in not doing as his Uncle Frank told him to. And maybe he will be a better boy after this. I hope he will.

L. L. G. R.

TO THE LETTER BOX.

From a Little Crippled Boy.

MOAB, UTAH.

I will write to the Letter-box for my first time. I am eight years old, and was baptized on my birthday, the 12th of Jan. 1901. I live so far from town that I can't go to Primary, but I would like to. I am crippled. I had one foot cut off when I was two years old, with a reaper. I lived with grandma last winter and went to school.

From your new friend,

REUBEN McCONKIE.

From Burlington.

I am going to try and write to the JUVENILE, as our Sunday School teacher asked us to do. All our class promised to write. I like to go to Sunday School and Primary; our teachers are very kind to us. I was eight years old last Valentine's day. I live in Burlington, Big Horn Co., Wyo. My papa moved here seven years ago.

MAY McNIVEN.

Plenty of Good Water.

WALLSBURG, WASATCH CO., UTAH.

I live in a little town called Wallburg, in Wasatch county. I have not seen any let-

ters written from here, and thought I would like to have my name among the rest who write to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. There are about ninety families living here. We have very nice farms, on which we raise grain and vegetables. We also raise some fruit, such as apples, plums and small fruit. The water is good and we have plenty of it. We have a very nice Sunday School which is well attended, and I should feel bad if I had to miss the Sabbath School. Each class has good teachers. I could write more but am afraid my letter will be too long, so I will close with love to all the little letter writers.

LIZZIE COOK.

Her Father for Her Teacher.

REXBURG, IDAHO.

Dear Friends:—I came to Rexburg a little over two years ago. My home was in Utah. I am 13 years old. I go to school and my pa is my teacher. I am in the seventh grade. I go to Sunday School and Primary in the First Ward and like them very much. I have eleven sisters and one brother. Our school started the 16th of September. There are not many attending yet. We have six rooms in our school house and they are filled up when all the school children get started to school.

Your friend,

LUELLA WALDRAM.

Moved from Utah to Idaho.

ALBION, IDAHO.

We lived in Hunter Ward, Salt Lake County, Utah, eight miles west of the city, and I was shown through the Temple at the dedication, with the Sunday School children of

Hunter Ward. I am sure that the Gospel is true. When I was between two and three years old, we had typhoid fever, and once I seemed to be perfectly dead, but my mother poured a teaspoonful of blessed oil in my mouth, and rubbed my breast, and rolled me, and I got well again, but it was a very long time before I could say a word. We came to Basin in 1894; we lived there two years and then we came to Snake River, about thirty miles from Basin. We live about twelve miles from Albion, and we cannot go to meeting and Sunday School very often, but we expect to build a house in Albion this fall. We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and I like to read it very much.

ADAM A. PETERSON.

A Testimony.

LEHI, UTAH.

I have had much interest in reading the little letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I am glad I am a Mormon girl and have a good Sunday School. I go to Sunday School and meeting and day school, and I love to obey my teacher. I am 13 years old. I believe the Lord can and will perform miracles, and I can bear testimony that the Lord is the true and living God.

Your friend,

MARTHA R. WOODHOUSE.

Papa Gone to Norway.

CENTERFIELD, UTAH.

I am 10 years old. I like to read the letters of my little friends. My baby brother

is just two years old. I like to go to Sunday School and Primary. My Sunday School teacher wanted me to write a letter to the JUVENILE. My papa has gone to Norway on a mission. He will soon have been gone four months.

Your friend,

LUELLA ANDERSON.

A Good Report.

STAR VALLEY, WYOMING.

We keep the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and we go to Sunday School and Primary and Sacrament meetings. This is a very beautiful little valley in summer time. We raise many strawberries and currants some years, and usually the grain and potatoes are very nice. Our wheat is ready to be harvested. It is five feet tall.

Your new friends,

ELLEN NEILSON,

CLARA NEILSON.

How they Got the Instructor.

TAYLOR, NAVAJO CO., ARIZONA.

After reading the letters in the JUVENILE, I thought I would try and write a letter. I will tell you how we got the JUVENILE. Last summer my brother and I kept the weeds out of the garden, and father gave us a dollar each. We sent and got the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I am in the fifth reader. I have one sister and four brothers. I have two sisters dead.

MARY BRIMHALL.

PURCHASE OF JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Amounts received, not already advertised, by the General Treasurer from the Sunday Schools for the purchase of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to October 23, 1901. Fifth List.

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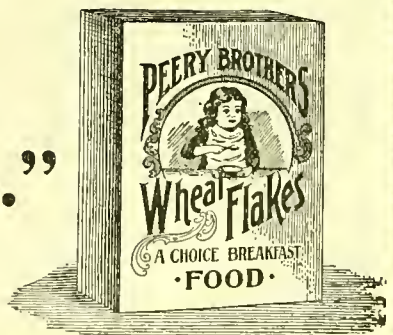
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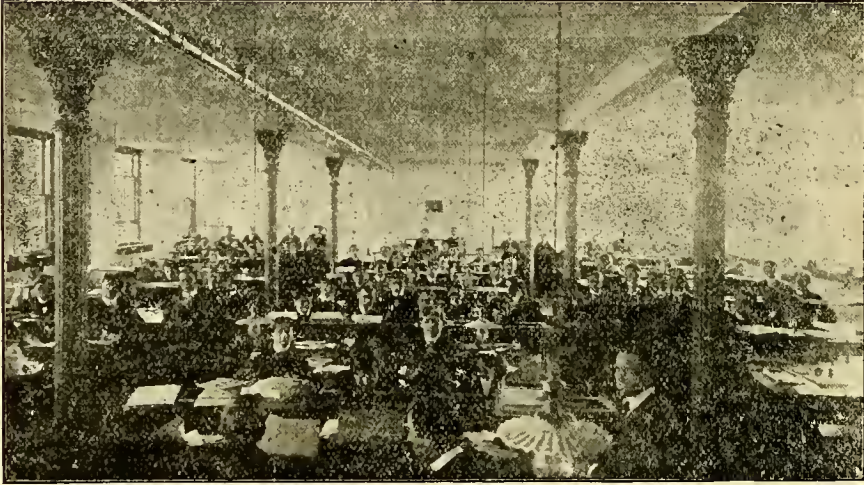
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


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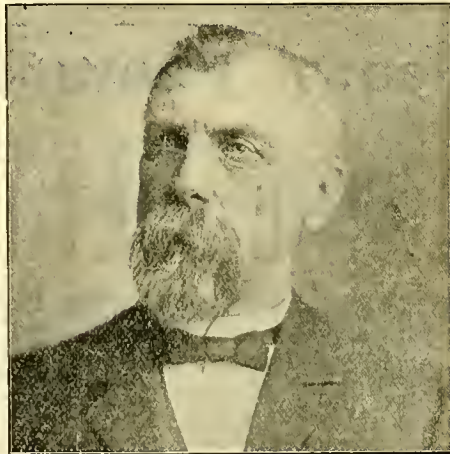
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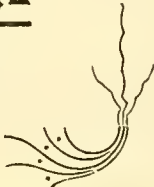
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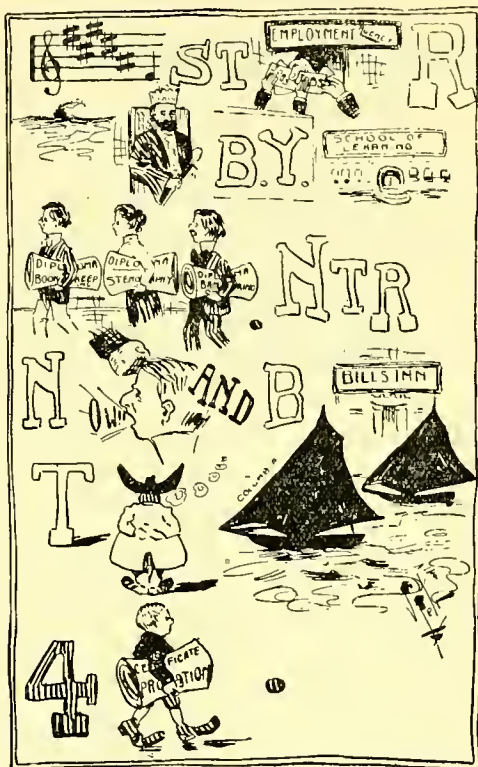
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